

# The Columbus Democrat.

H. H. WORTHINGTON,

[A STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE LETTER AND SPIRIT OF THE CONSTITUTION—THE ONLY SAFEGUARD OF THE SOUTH.]

Editor & Proprietor

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NO. 22.

## THE DEMOCRAT

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### TERMS.

SUBSCRIPTION—THREE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE; FORTY DOLLARS IF PAYMENT IS DELAYED UNTIL THE EXPIRATION OF THE YEAR.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at ONE DOLLAR per square, (ten lines or less) for the first and FIFTY CENTS for each subsequent insertion. Liberal reductions will be made to persons who advertise by the year.

### JOB PRINTING.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed, on short notice and at reduced rates.

### CARDS.

W. M. D. CARINGTON, THOMAS CHRISTIAN, CARRINGTON & CHRISTIAN, Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, COLUMBUS, MISS.

### DR. A. N. JONES

Has removed his office to the store of Lupton & Whitefield, main street, where he will be pleased to see his friends, and where any message left for him will be promptly attended to. Columbus, October 19, 1850. 16-17

### C. M. DICKINSON, M. D.

Practitioner of Medicine and Surgery. DEVOTES particular attention to the cure and treatment of Chronic diseases, especially those of a Surgical character. Office corner of Market and Washington Streets, Columbus, Miss., January 4, 1851. 27-1y

### DR. THOMAS N. LOVE

RESPECTFULLY offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbus and its vicinity, and hopes by close attention to business to merit a share of their patronage. He may be found at all times, when not away from his office or residence, both on the same lot with the City Hall, immediately south of it, formerly occupied by M. J. Howard.

### DR. W. F. LIPSCOMB

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Columbus and its vicinity, and hopes by diligent and untiring attention to his duties to merit a share of their confidence. He may be found at all hours, when not professionally engaged, at his residence on Main street, formerly occupied by his father. Columbus, Miss., July 6th, 1850. 1-1y

### MEDICAL.

DR. SPILLWELL is still at his old stand on Market Street, assisted by his son, J. W. SPILLWELL, one of whom may be found in general at the other's office, except when professionally absent, or attending to other necessary business. We have on hand an assortment of such Medicines as are generally used in all forms of disease, and in the treatment of such diseases, which may require medical advice. Long experience in the South, general success and close attention, is the guarantee offered to all who may call for medical aid. Columbus, Miss., July 12, 1851—22-6m.

### LAW NOTICE

THE partnership heretofore existing between A. J. Boykin & C. R. Crusoe has been dissolved. C. R. Crusoe will continue to practice in the Courts of Louisiana and the adjoining counties, and the Supreme Court at Jackson, and also in the Circuit Courts of Pickens county, Alabama.

A. BOYKIN, C. R. CRUSOE.

May 7, 1851—16-17

### MUTUAL PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NASHVILLE, TENN., CAPITAL \$100,000. THIS Company insures on the most favorable terms against LOSS by Fire, Marine and River Risks. Also Bank Notes transmitted by mail. B. B. WILKINSON, Agent. March 15, 1851. 18-17

### ARE YOU INSURED?

Are You Insured in a Responsible Office? THE season of the year has arrived when every prudent man will see that his BUILDINGS and their CONTENTS are insured in a responsible office.

THE PROTECTION INSURANCE OFFICE, OF HARTFORD, CONN., has now done business in the Southern and Western portions of the country for TWENTY-SIX YEARS, and is confidently believed to present very superior inducements for insurance, second indeed to no office in the United States.

N. E. GOODWIN, Agent.

Columbus, Oct. 18, 1851—16-1m.

### PIANOS! FINE PIANOS!

J. W. WELLS, DORFF, informs the public that he has made an arrangement with one of the most celebrated PIANO MANUFACTURERS

in the United States, by which he will be enabled to supply the people of Columbus and the surrounding country with pianos of the best quality, fresh from the hands of the makers. The instruments offered by him will be warranted to be superior in tone, and will be sold at a small advance on the New York prices. They will also be put in tune by Prof. Markstein before delivery, without any additional charge to the purchaser. He has on hand at present, two excellent instruments and will receive a further supply as soon as negotiation opens. Persons desiring pianos of any particular style can be accommodated in due season by calling and leaving their orders. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves.

J. W. WELLS, DORFF.

N. B. He also continues to keep on hand and for sale, a good supply of Cabinet Furniture, consisting of fine dressing and plain Bureaus, Bedsteads, Washstands, Chairs, Mattresses, Looking Glasses, &c., &c. September 27th, 1851. 13-3m. J. W.

### NOTICE.

MARCUS W. CAGE is our authorized agent—Those who are indebted to Weaver, Mullin & Co., Columbus, will find their notes and accounts in his hands. Any one having claims against us will please present them to M. W. CAGE.

WM. R. WEAVER, JOHN M. MULLIN.

Columbus, Nov. 16, 1850. 2-17

SIGHT Drafts on New-York for sale by 22-17 A. SIMPSON & CO.

## For the Columbus Democrat. UNITED STATES SENATOR—GEN. A. B. BRADFORD.

The next session of the Legislature of this State will be looked to with more than ordinary interest; besides the anticipated action of this State in reference to the public lands donated by Congress for objects of Internal Improvements, vacancies in the Senate of the United States occasioned by the resignation of Col. Davis, and the election of Gen. Foote to the office of Governor of the State, must be filled; and also a Senator elected for the term of six years, commencing at the expiration of the term for which Gen. Foote was elected.

It is proper that the claims of distinguished individuals for a seat in the Senate should be presented to the citizens of the State, in advance of the meeting of the Legislature; and among the most renowned men of our country, who will be brought forward by his friends, I present the name of Gen. A. B. Bradford, of Holly Springs.

Gen. Bradford is a native Tennessean. He removed to this State in 1839. Early in life he became a favorite with the people, and filled many important offices in his native State. He was Clerk of the Senate; Register of the Land Office of East Tennessee; Attorney General in the Western District; was elected Brigadier-General, and twice Major-General. Whilst Major-General, a call was made on the State of Tennessee, in 1836, for troops to serve against the Seminole Indians. The General drew up an enlistment, and signed it as a private, and subsequently was elected Captain, and then Colonel-Commandant of the First Regiment of Mounted Men. He served six months against the Seminole Indians, and distinguished himself in the battles in the Wahoo Swamp, near the Withlacoochee river, fought on the 18th, 19th and 21st of November as a brave and skilful officer, as may be seen by the Official Report of Major-General Call, and returned home one of the most popular officers, not only with his distinguished Regiment, but with the whole army.

In 1837, Gen. Bradford distinguished himself as Chairman of the Committee of Internal Improvements, in the Senate of the State of Tennessee. In 1841, although a whig, he was honored with a seat in the Legislature of his adopted State, from the democratic county of Marshall, and served during the sessions of 1842 and 1843, with great credit to himself and the entire satisfaction of his constituents.

In 1846, when the call was made on Mississippi for a Regiment to serve in the war against Mexico, Gen. Bradford again volunteered as a private; was elected Captain, and afterwards Major of that renowned Regiment. He was distinguished as a brave and gallant officer in the memorable battles of Monterey and Buena Vista. It is but justice to say that no man enjoyed, in a higher degree the affections and good opinion of the members of that distinguished Regiment.

On his return home, the citizens of Marshall county presented him an elegant sword, as a testimonial of their regard for his services in the various battles in which it was his good fortune to be engaged.

Early in the contest between the Union and State Rights Party, he adopted the Union side, firmly and fearlessly advocated the doctrines espoused by that party, and at the late general election was elected a member of the Legislature from the county of Marshall.

From this brief outline, it will be seen that Gen. Bradford has always been a great favorite with the people, and that he has never abused the confidence reposed in him, but in the discharge of the various offices entrusted to him, looked alone to the honor and glory of his country.

A time has now arrived when the brave and generous people of Mississippi can award to this favorite son of theirs a place commensurate with his high desert. The people well know that the General will not deceive or misrepresent them. His gallantry in the field, his fidelity in civil stations, his truth and his honor under all circumstances, are safeguards and guarantees for the future.

LUCIUS.

The New York Herald goes off—not to California—but about California in the following grandiloquent style:

Incomprehensibly magnificent California! It is but little over three years ago that the editor of this journal received a sample, among the first specimens of gold dust from the washings of the Americans. California was then, comparatively, an uninhabited waste. Now, read the advice we publish to-day from that country—the quartz mining—the growth of San Francisco—the trade, the ships, the emigration—the new discoveries, the enterprise—the dash, the smashing spirit of enterprise which prevails from San Diego to Puget's Sound, and you must conclude that this is a great country and a great age to live in, and that God only knows what we are coming to. Likely enough, the next thing we shall hear of will be the discovery of rivers literally flowing with milk and honey, and whole mountains full of diamonds, brace-lets and Irish potatoes of the best quality. Al la! mahallah! The Lord be praised!

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the grief which he purposes to remove.

## GUILTY, BUT DRUNK.

Dan Marble's Story of the Georgia Judge.

Not a few of our readers, West and South, who had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Dan Marble, will recognize the irresistible story he used to "tell" of the stolen spoons and the Georgia Judge. Col. Bradbury, we believe, once dressed up the joke and set it agoing, and pretty nigh gave it a place in the annals of the comedian.

"Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was the Circuit Judge. He was a man of considerable ability, of indelible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the Circuit, it was his almost invariable habit the night before opening the Court to get 'comfortably combed,' by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own back, the gentlemen of the law would generally turn and help him.

"It was in the Spring of the year, taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old fashioned, but strong 'carry-all,' he journeyed some forty miles, and reached the village where the 'court' was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took up his quarters with a relation of his 'better half,' by whom the presence of the official dignity was considered a singular honor. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were 'proper' to meet him.

"Gentlemen, said the Judge, 'it's quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a horn all around. Of course, Sterritt, (addressing the landlord,) you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—stiffen to give a dog.'

"Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that some where in the region of midnight, the Judge wended his very devious way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, some young barometer, fond of a 'practical joke,' and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's pocket.

"It was eight o'clock on Monday morning when the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of abstinence and abstention, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly, said he to his wife, I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night.

"Al, Judge, said she, respectfully, you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business now.

"Al, Polly, what's the use of talking? 'It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge having put on his overcoat, was proceeding according to his usual custom, to give his wife a kiss, that he happened in thrusting his hand into his pocket to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He pulled them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable, he exclaimed:

"My God! Polly!

"What on earth's the matter, Judge?

"Just look at these spoons.

"Dear me, where'd you get them?

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?—extending them towards her—I stole them!

"Stole them, Judge?

"Yes, stole them!

"My dear husband, it can't be possible—from whom?

"From Sterritt, over there—his name is on them.

"Good heavens! how could it happen?

"I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers.

"But I was very drunk?

"Yes, you was.

"As I remarkably so when I got home, Mrs. Brown?

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid.

"I thought so, said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps—but I never dreamed that I should be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny.

"But there may be some mistake, Judge?

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact. And the old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child, said his wife, wiping away the tears, go like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic—pass it off as a joke—go and open Court, and nobody will ever think of it again.

"A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do, his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played.

"Judge Brown proceeded to court, and took his seat; but spoons and bad liquor—bad liquor and spoons—liquor, spoons, drunk, larceny, and Judge Brown, was so mired up in his 'worship's' bewildered head, that he felt awful pale, it did not look so. In fact, the Judge felt cut down, and his usual self-possession manner of disposing of business, his diction and decisions, were not what Judge Brown had been noted for.

"Several days had passed away, and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough looking sort of a customer, was arraigned on a charge of stealing.

After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the usual question:

"Guilty or not guilty?

"Guilty, but drunk, answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea? exclaimed the Judge, who was half-dozing upon the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk, replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?

"He is indicted for grand larceny.

"What's the case?

"May it please your honor, said the prosecuting attorney, that man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel.

"He is, eh? and he pleads—

"He pleads guilty, but drunk.

"The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, are you certain you were drunk?

"Yes, sir.

"Where did you get your liquor.

"At Sterritt's.

"Did you get none any where else?

"Not a drop, sir!

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?

"Yes, sir.

"Mr. Prosecutor, said the Judge, do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. The figure of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do any thing dirty. I got drunk on it the other day myself, stole all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I adjourn the Court."—*Falconbridge's Life.*

APPORTIONMENT OF REPRESENTATIVES UNDER THE SEVENTH CENSUS.—South Carolina and California.—The intelligent Washington correspondent of the Charleston Courier, in his letter of the 4th inst., refers to a table of population and representation which he had procured from the census office and sent to the Courier, and says:

"It enables me to explain a statement in a previous letter that South Carolina will be entitled to six instead of five representatives for the next ten years—a previous statement, and which you gave in your paper under your statistical head, allows to South Carolina five representatives, with a fraction of 21,120. The statement which I now send is correct as to the relative fractions of the several States, and it allowed five representatives to South Carolina, with a fraction of 42,949.

"It is a singular fact, that opposed as South Carolina was to the admission of California, under the circumstances attending her admission, there should now be pending the interesting question whether she or California will be entitled to the two hundred and thirty-third member of the House of Representatives—one representative out of the two hundred and thirty-three is unplaced as yet, and he is to come from California or South Carolina. The Superintendent of the Census, Mr. Kennedy, is of opinion that it will belong to California to give to this floating representative a local habitation and a name."

I was informed yesterday at the Census Office, that the returns from California denoted justly the conclusion that her population, exclusive of Indians, will exceed 130,000. Should this prove to be so, California will be entitled to but one representative, and her fraction will be 43,304. You will find from the table which I enclose, that thirteen Representatives are assigned for that number of States having the largest residuary fractions. South Carolina has the next largest fraction, and it will be larger than that of California, after giving her one Representative.

Mr. Kennedy is awaiting the last returns from California, and he will then make a report to the Secretary of the Interior, who will thereupon make the apportionment of Representative under the law, and communicate the same to Congress and to the State Executives."

A SOLDIER'S PRIVILEGES.—It is well known that "Old Hickory" was equally popular in the army and among the people at large. No man ever lived in this country about whom so many characteristic anecdotes have been related, by those who were among his personal friends. Below we give two of them, which we do not remember to have seen in print before:

Several years ago an officer, who was one of the most distinguished of his grade in the service of the United States, on his way home from a dinner party, on a certain occasion, was attacked so violently with vertigo, that he became impressed with the idea that the ground was rising against him, and that the fire plumes were after him in hot haste. Under these circumstances, he determined to conceal himself in a friendly gutter, and wait until his enemies had disappeared. In this condition he was found, and of course, one of the numerous troops of office hunters was found ready to, communicate to Gen. Jackson, then President of the United States, the fact that the gallant defender of Fort Mifflin, was found in the gutter.

The old man stood for a moment reflecting, then turning to his informant, said: "Very bad conduct, sir, in the Colonel. But by the Eternal, he has done better than enough never to drag another soldier's name into his life." Ever afterwards, it was the recognized right of the veteran Colonel to get drunk as often as he pleased, provided he kept himself out of sight.

About the same period, the late Major Gibbon was Collector of the Port of a southern city, to which office he had been appointed by the elder Adams. Of course the Major was a Federalist, and one of Gen. Jackson's political opponents. During the struggle of the American colonies for independence, Major G. had distinguished himself on several occasions. He had commanded a forlorn hope under Mad Anthony, at Stony Point. After the inauguration of Jackson as President, the Major, who was as bitter a politician as he had been a gallant soldier, in an excited discussion about politics, declared that "Old Hickory was a d-d scoundrel!" This speech was promptly reported to the President by one of his friends, who supposed a vacancy would be certain.

"Well, what of it?" was Jackson's reply. "The man who commanded a forlorn hope of Anthony Wayne has a full right to curse anybody he pleases!"

We discover great beauty in those who are not beautiful, if they possess genuine truthfulness, simplicity, and sincerity.

## POSTMASTER GENERAL IN DISGUISE.

BY S. L. SMITH.

On my way to the North in 1855, in company with several gentlemen of New Orleans, it happened that the stage in which we were passengers, stopped for supper at a small village situated between the towns of Columbus and Zanesville on the Cumberland road, in the State of Ohio.

There was a great gathering of militia captains, lieutenants, ensigns, sergeants and corporals, with a considerable sprinkling of privates, all of whom had been exhibiting their patriotism during the day, by marching up and down the road, shouldering arms, carrying arms, charging bayonets, preparatory to intended hostile operation against the neighboring State of Michigan, the authorities of which and those of the State of Ohio, were at open war—almost—about boundary.

For the purpose of amusement it was agreed that the stage driver should be informed, confidentially, that I was Amos Kendall, Postmaster General of the United States, traveling in disguise, and assuming the common name of Smith, in order to discover abuses in the transportation department. With many mysterious hints, and strict charges of secrecy, John was made acquainted with the awful fact, that he was actually driving the important individual above named. The reins almost fell from his hands as he exclaimed:

"What, Mr. Kendall! Amos Kendall!—it can't be possible!"

"It is possible!" answered the gentleman who was imparting the information, and who was enjoying an outside seat; "and it is his wish to be entirely private to avoid the attention that would otherwise be lavished upon him."

The driver promised his most inviolable secrecy, and proceeded to curdy down his horses.

We had not long been in our hotel, where our supper was being prepared, before it was plainly perceptible that something was going on; curious glances were thrown into the bar-room where we were sitting—military officers flitted about or collected into groups—the landlord and his family began to spruce up; in brief, it was evident our secret had been confidently imparted to half of the village.

The first demonstration that was made, consisted of an invitation to my friends and myself to accept of a use of a private parlor. This being at once agreed to, the landlord ventured to suggest that, if it was not disagreeable to me, my fellow citizens of the village would like to pay their respects to me, and take me by the hand.

"No objections on the word," said I, "let the worthy citizens come in."

Then followed a scene of the richest kind of fun;—but Dickens has described a similar adventure, and I pass on.

Supper was announced. I was placed at the head of the table; the richest viands and preserved fruits were set in profusion before us. We feasted—and during the operation numerous female heads, or rather, heads of females were continually popping in at the windows and open doors—while the piazza with boys of all sizes, who amused themselves by firing off tin-can crackers, sending up young rockets and shouting: "Hurrah for General Jackson!—and his Cabinet!"

Supper over, we retired to the bar and demanded our bill of expenses. The landlord smilingly answered, that he was too happy to entertain us without compensation—he felt honored by my sitting at his board, and my friends were equally welcome. After much urging I consented to receive his hospitality, since he insisted upon it, but my friends, I would not consent that they should feast at his expense—oh no! They must be allowed to pay for their supper. Well, if I insisted he would take pay for them—and he did.

"Could I say two or three words to you in private?" asked the landlord in a low voice, as he walked by my side toward the cunch which was waiting.

"By all means," I replied, and he led me a little way aside, into a dark part of the piazza—After two or three breaths to clear his throat, the landlord commenced:

"Whatever others may think of you, sir, I consider you an honest man."

"Sir, I feel very much obliged by the favorable estimate you have formed of me."

"Yes, sir, let the opposition say what they please, I believe you to be a conscientious individual—I do."

"Well, sir, considering this is the first time we have ever met, I must say your liberty is extraordinary—but I thank you for your good opinion."

"Ah, sir, though we have never met, I know you well—we all know you for a most efficient officer, and a deserving man."

"It is true I am tolerably well known in the western and southern country, and as for my efficiency, I believe I do push about as hard as a man conveniently can."

"That you do—all parties must acknowledge—you have effected many improvements in your department."

"Yes, I flatter myself that in the stage department I have made some improvements."

"Your remarks have met with general approbation in this part of the country."

"Removals—Oh, yes—I do travel a great deal."

"Yes, you do, and to some purpose. Now I wanted to speak to you about the Postmaster here."

"Indeed! Well, what of him?"

"Are you aware that he is a whig?"

"No—is he?"

"Yes, he is—and it is thought by the friends of the administration here that he ought to be removed, and a good democrat appointed."

"What is the office worth?"

"About five hundred dollars a year."

"Who would be a proper person for the office?"

"Why, I couldn't exactly say—but if—"

"Would you accept the appointment?"

"Most willingly, if you should think me worthy."

"Well, I'll tell you what you'd better do—Write on to the department—state the matter as you have stated it to me, and perhaps—"

"If you would just make a memorandum it would be sufficient."

"My dear sir, don't depend on anything that passes between us here—here I am Sol Smith, as you may see by the way bill; but at Washington—yes, I understand. Then I'll write on to the department."

"Yes—write."

"Sir, I shall depend on your good offices."

"Sir, you may—your supper was excellent, your attentions shall not soon be forgotten—farewell—write on to the department by all means."

The worthy aspirant to the Postmastership of the village accompanied me to the coach, carefully turned up the steps when I had entered, and then joined his fellow-citizens in three loud cheers, with which our departure was honored."

N. O. Crescent.

## From the Greenville (S. C.) Southern Patriot. SOME GOOD THINGS.

We were greatly amused the other day with some matters told us, and think they are worthy of being repeated.

In a neighboring district a plain, though strong minded man, went into the printing office to discontinue his newspaper. The editor seemed greatly surprised that any one who had ever been a subscriber to his paper should wish to quit it, and inquired the cause. The countryman informed him that he did not like his politics, and that he could not continue his subscription to the paper. Then, said the editor, who has been persuading you to this course? "No one," was the reply given. Who has been talking to you against secession and trying to scare you into submission? "No body," was the laconic answer. Then what newspapers have you been reading? "None but yours," was the reply of the honest man. "I have been convinced